THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 17, 1803.

Exemplary Puniſhment of a Fraud on Underwriters.

THE illicit tranſaction with the brig Adventure, for which Captain Codlin lately paid the tribute of his life in London, when compared with the recent event of a ſimilar nature, on which the inquiſition tribunal at Stockholm has juſt pronounced judgment, becomes a relative object of conſideration. This act has juſt tranſpired in the following detail, and is particularly held out by the German underwriters in the north as a public and timely warning to all parties :—

On the firſt ſymptoms of rupture between England and Ruſſia, in the year 1800, ſuch outward-bound veſſels as got intelligence of the embargo at ſea put into various ports of the Baltic, particularly Dantzic, for refuge. Mr. Johann Lades, an eminent merchant, then had one cargo in this predicament conſigned to him, eſtimated at ſix tons of gold, which he ſhipped again as Pruſſian property, on board the Swediſh ſhip Louiſa, Captain Turls Torngren, for St. Peterſburgh ; this veſſel ſailed the 25th of June, 1801, with ſeveral others ; at a certain diſtance at ſea Captain Torngren parted company, and taking a courſe quite oppoſite to that of the remaining ſhips, proceeded to the Swediſh iſland of Oeland, and arriving at Boda he caſt anchor. His crew conſiſted of five men and a book-keeper, named Johan Ahlſtedt, who went on ſhore there, and continued his route to Carlſcrona, from whence he ſhortly returned with two merchants, named Otter and Karſtrom, and the ſhip's broker Lovell : the following night theſe perſons had almoſt all the goods taken out of the Louiſa and put into two lighters, which carried them to Carlſcrona. During this interval Torngren gave himſelf out as only mate of the ſhip, and Ahlſtedt as captain, reporting that they came from Riga with corn. The day after, Ahlſtedt having returned on board, they put to ſea again. In a ſhort time a miſunderſtanding aroſe between the captain and Ahlſtedt, when the

latter was beat, ill uſed, and diſabled; had his arms broken, his head wounded, and his money, which he entruſted to two ſailors, to take charge of for him, plundered and carried off.

Torngren now bored holes in the ſhip, and put ſtoppers in, which when they got to the latitude of Natelga he took out, and made the men enlarge the holes, ſo as to ſink the ſhip; he then forbid them ever to mention the name of Ahlſtedt, or to ſay any thing of what had paſſed, and taking out ſome watches, with other valuable light goods, the crew all abandoned the veſſel, and left her to go to the bottom, with the unfortunate man lying helpleſs and bed-ridden in his cabin on board.

Captain Torngren, with all his crew, except Jonas Luſtig, the mate, who left the party there, and went away, now proceeded to Natelga, where they took the uſual oaths that the ſhip's unavoidable diſaſter was not produced by the neglect of any individual on board; that they had with much difficulty ſaved their own lives, and that the mate was unfortunately gone down in the ſhip as he was endeavouring to bring off a compaſs out of the cabin.

The inſurance to a large amount had been made at Lubeck; but Mr. Lade's ſuſpicion was firſt awakened by an underwriter there refuſing a part of 70,000 marks, and declining for a while to tell his motives, till vigorouſly preſſed for an explanation; he declared experiencing a ſtrong preſumption that ſome miſchief would befal the Louiſa. The circumſtance ſoon after being ſo fatally confirmed, and getting to the ears of Mr. J. P. Dailby, a very active merchant at Carlſcrona, he exerted himſelf to diſcover the captain and the ſuppoſed drowned mate, who were apprehended immediately, upon which the two other merchants took flight, but Karſtrong was preſently diſcovered and arreſted, as were likewiſe moſt of the veſſel's crew.

A ſpecial commiſſion of the inquiſition was appointed, to bring the conniving parties to trial, and the following ſentence has juſt been adjudged as an exemplary puniſhment of an act ſo ſyſtematically nefarious, viz.

Captain Torngren to be beheaded, and his body expoſed on a wheel; his property to defray the expences of the proſecution.

Luſtig, the mate, and another ſailor, moſt active in the crime, to be beheaded, the merchant to pay a fine of four times the value of the lading fraudulently taken off, or to receive forty pair of ſtripes, three to the pair, and to do penance on a Sunday at the church door, after which he is to work three years at the hulks in Carlſcrona, and his property to anſwer all judicial expences.

The broker, J. Lovell, with his brother T. Lovell, the diſtrict crown executor, for complicity, to be deprived of their offices, to be confined for one month on bread and water, and to do three years hard labour at the hulks. The poſt-chiffer, and the two lightermen, who conveyed the goods off in the night, to be impriſoned twenty-eight days on bread and water.

The ſtrand ſurveyor, for neglect of duty, ſixteen days of the ſame penance; and the pilot twelve days; beſides a number of pecuniary fines on all ſuch as were proved to have bought any of the goods compoſing this cargo.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

THOUGHTS *on rural* PROSPECTS *in* WINTER.

RURAL proſpects in winter are majeſtically grand, and morally inſtructive. The mind is diſpoſed to ſerioufneſs; and led by the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, the death of nature, and the approach of reanimating ſpring, to contemplate, with delight and advantage, the flight of time, the hour of diſſolution, and its entrance into a ſtate of immortality.

The ruggedneſs of winter, and its uninviting aſpect in the view of the gay world, keep thoſe, perhaps, at a diſtance, who, in more pleaſing ſeaſons, would convert the pure receſſes of the landſcape into ſeats of ſenſuality, and invade the quietude of the grove with noiſe and jollity.

The ſportſman may, indeed, in a ſuitable ſtate of the weather, by the means afforded by this ſeaſon for the gratification of a propenſity diſgraceful to human nature, occaſionally break in on the ſilence of the country: but this circumſtance, however calculated to excite emotions of horror in the breaſt of a man of ſenſibility, at the ſame time affords ſubject for uſeful contemplation, by preſenting to his view a ſtriking inſtance of the depravity of the human heart, and conduces to the exerciſe of a pleaſing ſympathy and commiſeration, adapted to improve the mind in virtuous affections.

The unſpotted whiteneſs of the new-falling ſnow becomes to the thinking mind a happy emblem. It depictures to it that pure innocence, and thoſe unſtained manners, which we ſhould ever labour to aſſume.

ORIGIN *of the* OPERA *in* FRANCE.

THE French are indebted to two cardinals for tragedy and the opera; it was under Richelieu that Corneille ſerved his apprenticeſhip, he being one of the five authors whom this miniſter cauſed to labour at his dramas like ſo many clerks. Richelieu formed the plan, and often ſlipped in a number of his own verſes, which were extremely bad; but having perſecuted "The Cid," in which many of his ideas were inſerted, it inſpired Corneille with that obſtinacy that he rejected the plans offered by Richelieu,

lieu, and compoſed the admirable ſcenes of " The Horati" and of " Cinna."

To Cardinal Mazarin are they indebted for the opera, which was at firſt extremely ridiculous, though that miniſter did not compoſe any part of it.

In 1647 the cardinal introduced an entire company of Italian muſicians, decorators, &c. They firſt repreſented the tragi-comedy of Orpheus, at the Louvre, in Italian verſe, ſet to muſic. This ſpectacle made the Pariſians yawn, for very few perſons underſtood Italian, ſcarce any body underſtood muſic, and every body hated the cardinal; though this opera coſt a vaſt ſum of money, it was hiſſed and treated with the greateſt contempt; and ſoon after the wits of the time gave a grand ballet on the theatre of France, as it was then called, which was entitled " The Fall and Flight of Mazarin, danced by himſelf and his adherents;" and this was all the recompence he obtained for endeavouring to pleaſe the nation.

Before Mazarin's time there had been ballets in Paris, even in the beginning of the ſixteenth century; in theſe ballets there was ſome muſic, and one or two voices, ſometimes accompanied by a chorus, but which was nothing more than the old Gregorian ſtile of chaunting. " The Daughters of Achelois, or the Syrens," were ſung at the marriage of the Duke de Joyeuſe in 1582, but they were certainly ſtrange ſyrens. Mazarin was not to be deterred by the bad ſucceſs of his opera, and when he became all powerful, he again brought forward his Italians, who ſung " Le Nozze di Peleo & di Thetide," in three acts. Louis the XIVth. danced on the ſtage, the nation was charmed to ſee its king, but ſtill the Pariſians yawned as much as before. The cardinal perſiſted, and in the year 1660 he brought Signior Cavalli to Paris, who gave the opera of " Xerxes," in five acts, in the great gallery of the Louvre; the Pariſians yawned more than ever, but were delivered from the Italian opera by the death of Mazarin. But from that period the French wiſhed to have an opera in their own language, though there was not a man in the whole country who knew how to make a trio, or to play paſſably on the violin: but in 1659 an Abbe Perin, who thought he could make verſes, with one Cambert, who was ſuperintendant of twelve violins belonging to the queen's mother, and which was then called " La Muſique de France," gave a paſtoral ballet at the village of Iſſi, which for yawning and ennui ſurpaſſed the " Hercole Amani," and the " Nozze de Peleo." In 1669 the Abbe Perin and Cambert joined with the Marquis de Sourdiac, who was a great machiniſt, and not an abſolute fool, but who had a very particular kind of reaſon, and was ruined in the enterprize; their commencement promiſed ſucceſs; the firſt piece they played was " Pomona," in which little or nothing was ſpoken of but apples or artichokes. The abbe was unruinable,

unruinable, Cambert quitted France in diſguſt, and brought his deteſtable muſic to London, and the cockneys of that day found it excellent.

PAMROSE; *or, the* PALACE *and the* COT.

(Continued from Page 29, and concluded.)

WHEN the week was elapſed, Pamroſe perſiſted in her former reſolution. Amelia was angry, and would ſcarcely ſpeak. But her natural good temper ſoon got the better of this little effort of ill-humour; and ſhe, at laſt, gave her conſent in the moſt favourable manner: adding that, as William was deſirous of remaining in his preſent ſituation, ſhe would preſent Pamroſe, by way of portion, with a few acres of land, and a pretty large flock of ſheep; but ſhe deſired that no mention might be made of theſe things. It was agreed, therefore, that the marriage ſhould be ſolemnized in a very private and quiet manner; and that it ſhould not be declared till after the celebration. Some days before the day appointed for the nuptials, Pamroſe, laying aſide, for ever, the cloaths ſhe had worn at court, put on a peaſant's dreſs which ſhe now was to wear till the day of her death. While ſhe was thus attiring herſelf, her heart ſuffered many a pang; and, in order to juſtify herſelf in her own eſtimation, from ſome involuntary emotions of weakneſs and vanity, which intruded themſelves with her ſorrow, ſhe repeated—"I am going to leave my benefactreſs—It is Amelia, only, that I regret." The trembling Pamroſe went immediately to the princeſs, who was waiting for her in her dreſſing-room; and threw herſelf at her feet, bathing them with her tears. "O my child," cried Amelia, preſſing Pamroſe to her boſom, "ſome vain prejudices of birth, at firſt, induced me to combat your exalted reſolution: I now, however, admire it; and am convinced, that a pure and feeling heart will always make ſuch a choice as reaſon muſt approve. Pride has not been able to influence you, and happineſs will be your reward. It awaits you, in a degree of life which nature peculiarly marks her own; you will find it in the affection of a huſband, and in the virtues of your children: never will you, thus bleſſed, have cauſe to regret the loſs of that empty parade which you leave behind you. Ah, my Pamroſe! you cannot conceive how many tears I have ſhed, amid all this outward ſhew of magnificence, under all theſe ſplendid roofs: how much conſtraint and wearineſs I have been forced to ſubmit to; how much natural feeling, how much reflection and ſelf-command, have been required, to preſerve me from the corruptions which ſurround me! Go, ſeek the ſweet peace which your aſylum can alone beſtow; there look

down

down on vice, and its agents, with the conſcious triumph of ſuperior virtue! I will often viſit you; and, were it not that you are moſt dear to my ſoul, it would henceforth never know envy, except when witneſſing your felicity."

Pamroſe felt her ſpirits revived; and, thus encouraged, by the careſſes and bleſſings of her auguſt benefactreſs, lingered long before ſhe could ſummon up reſolution to tear herſelf from her. At length an old ſervant, belonging to her father, came to ſeek her; and, followed by him, ſhe left the palace to return to the cottage. At a little diſtance from the former, ſhe ſtopped; and turning round to behold it—"Adieu," ſhe cried, "abode of magnificence! adieu, endeared habitation of my virtuous benefactreſs! that Pamroſe, who was reared from infancy within thy walls, will no more be ſeen beneath thy roof; and Pamroſe, henceforward, ſhall find a ſhelter from the envy of courts under the humble thatch of her father's cottage." This laſt idea, at the preſent moment, but ill accorded with her feelings; and, inſtead of ſoothing her regrets, increaſed their bitterneſs: her tears flowed afreſh—"Adieu!" ſhe cried, once more, in a plaintive accent; and haſtened onwards to the cottage. This melancholy ſenſation of the moment was the laſt ſigh of a riſing vanity, which nature, love, and friendſhip, were about to ſtifle for ever, in the innocent heart of the affectionate Pamroſe. She found William waiting for her, at the Rock of Hoſpitality. The remainder of the way to her father's home was enchantment! Herman came out to meet her; and, with all the delight of a tender parent, received, in the ſame embrace, William and his Pamroſe—Pamroſe, who was now to become the conſtant inmate of her father's home. He haſtened to conduct her to her chamber; where ſhe found a large baſket, ſent from the princeſs, containing a very elegant marriage gift, of different ſuits, but all made up in the faſhion of a peaſant's dreſs. Next to this preſent was another from the ſame generous hand, conſiſting of a table of ſatin-wood, covered with plate, and a handſome tea-equipage of Engliſh china: and in addition to theſe, Amelia had ſent, for her Pamroſe, ſix very fine orange-trees, and a vaſt quantity of flowers in pots. "My child," ſaid Herman, addreſſing his beloved daughter, "freely enjoy all theſe poſſeſſions; undiſturbed by any diſguſting apprehenſion, that ſo many united ſources of felicity will ever make you the object of farther envy. We ſhall always be found ſimple, humble, and charitable, in our deportment. The poor will bleſs our abundance, and our neighbours will not be jealous of our ſufficiency. Hitherto they have expected to ſee you made a great lady; but by your thus returning to their claſs, you flatter their conſequence, and raiſe them in their own eſtimation: they will, therefore, moſt readily excuſe your adventitious ſuperiority; and the preference which you thus decidedly give to a country life, will af-

ford an admirable leſſon for ambition, and at the ſame time enable us to triumph nobly over the haughty pride of the great."

This day was a day of rejoicing. On the morrow, Anna was to be married to her lover, the ſon of a farmer in the neighbouring village. The evening was paſſed in dancing: and Pamroſe, now reſtored to the embrace of artleſs nature, compared, with rapturous ſatisfaction, this ſcene of rural happineſs, to the tumultuous and joyleſs ball given by the Baron De Gargans. It was ſettled, that Anna ſhould be married at her father's houſe; and that the whole family ſhould, on the morrow, attend at the nuptials, and paſs the two following days with the bride and bridegroom.

While all this was going on, the Prince Frederick, not having the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of the intended marriage of Pamroſe, and greatly encouraged by the Baron De Klakenberg's advice, began to think that it was abſurd, in the higheſt degree, for him to be diſheartened at the impertinent diſdain which his vows of love had met with from a little country girl: and, miſtaking the indignant ſenſation of wounded pride for the ardour of paſſion, concerted, with his worthy coadjutor an infamous plot, which he reſolved to carry into execution immediately. On the morrow, having collected all his intelligence, he learned that Pamroſe would ſleep that night at her uncle's houſe, and in an apartment ſeparate from the reſt of the family; having no one near her but a ſervant-maid, whom Frederic had bribed, and had prevailed on to admit him to Pamroſe's chamber when every body ſhould be aſleep.

The unſuſpecting Pamroſe, after having ſpent in gladneſs the day of her couſin's nuptials, retired to her chamber at twelve o'clock. It was in the latter part of autumn; and the wind ſuddenly riſing, with much vehemence, gave her ſome little alarm. However, ſhe went to bed, and was almoſt aſleep, when ſhe was ſtartled by a ſlight noiſe in her chamber; and, turning her eyes towards the door, what was her conſternation when, by the light of a taper which was burning on the table, ſhe beheld the door open, and Prince Frederic approaching her bed. She uttered a loud ſhriek; and repeated her cries for help. "Be calm," ſaid the prince, "I only wiſh to ſpeak to you. Your cries cannot be heard; do not alarm yourſelf but liſten to me." Pamroſe, in vain, called to her ſervant; and concluding that this unworthy girl had been corrupted by the prince, ſhe became wild with deſpair, and reſolved to try to ſave herſelf by flight. She inſtantly darted from her bed, when the prince attempted to ſeize her in his arms. Pamroſe, as if animated with ſupernatural courage, defended herſelf: exclaiming—"O God, protector of the innocent, aſſiſt me!" Saying which ſhe puſhed the prince from her with ſo much ſtrength that he ſtaggered backwards two or three paces. At that inſtant the floor burſt aſunder, with a frightful

frightful noiſe: a deep void preſented itſelf under Frederic's feet; he fell, diſappeared, and the chaſm cloſed. "O how ſtrange! how wonderful!" exclaimed Pamroſe, falling on her knees. She remained for ſome minutes in this attitude: at laſt, haſtily ſnatching up her gown, and taking the lamp in her hand, ſhe ruſhed from the chamber, and went to wake her father. Herman was greatly ſurpriſed at ſeeing his daughter appear before him, pale, her hair diſhevelled, and herſelf half naked, at two o'clock in the morning. Such was her agitation, that ſhe could not relate the cauſe of her fright; all ſhe could ſay was—"O my father! a miracle, a miracle, has preſerved me!" At length, however, being ſomewhat recovered, ſhe imparted to him every thing that happened to her; and was not a little aſtoniſhed when ſhe perceived that Herman was by no means ſtruck with the miracle, but only with the villainous conduct of the prince. "Unworthy ſon of the moſt amiable of women!" cried he; "but perhaps he may be killed, or ſeverely wounded, by his fall. Stay where you are, Pamroſe, and do not go back to that fatal room. Heaven has, doubtleſs, reſcued you from a wretch's criminal deſigns, but the event has nothing ſupernatural belonging to it. I will ſoon be back; and will explain to you this part of your adventure." Saying this Herman dreſſed himſelf, and, quitting his daughter, went to call up his brother, with William and the ſervants. He told them all that had juſt occurred. William, as may well be ſuppoſed, expreſſed his rage and reſentment in rather ſtronger terms than the reſt; but as Pamroſe had been ſo fortunate as to eſcape the danger that threatened her, he, as well as the others, was deſirous of going immediately to the aſſiſtance of Frederic. There was, in the chamber which Pamroſe occupied, a kind of wicket, formed by a large folding-door, even with the floor of the room: this opened, on one ſide, by means of a hinge; and, on the other, by withdrawing an iron bar.

The room itſelf was ſituated over a large cart-ſhed; which, inſtead of being incloſed, was built with open arches, ſupported by pillars; the wind, collecting itſelf in this ſhed, had lifted up the trap-door, which happened to be unbarred; and at this very inſtant it was, that Frederic, ſo powerfully repulſed by Pamroſe, fell into the place beneath. Theſe trap-doors are very common in the German cottages, and almoſt always open into a cart-ſhed, like that which I have juſt deſcribed.* In Herman's cottage, however, there were none of theſe dangerous wickets. Pamroſe, therefore, was unacquainted with them; and, having

* The author of this tale, going careleſsly into one of theſe rooms, at the moment that the wind opened the trap, which was badly ſecured, was very near falling, by the ſame accident, through a ſimilar chaſm.

entered by night into the chamber where Frederic ſurpriſed her, and going to bed directly, without examining the room, it was natural enough for her to ſuppoſe this part of the adventure to be produced by ſome ſupernatural agency.

Every body in the cottage had, by this time, repaired to the ſhed with torches, where they found the prince inſenſible, and his arm broken. When he came to himſelf, his confuſion was great; and he appeared to feel, ſtill more acutely, the pain which his arm gave him. Horſes were immediately put to a ſmall cart, and the prince was conducted in it, by Herman himſelf, to the palace.

The princeſs, when informed of the whole affair by the father of Pamroſe, lamented greatly the wicked conduct of her ſon, and the deſerved puniſhment which he had met with. Frederic, however, did not ſuffer long; for, his arm being ſkilfully ſet, the violent pain ſoon ſubſided. Amelia had a full explanation with him; when the prince, being convinced that there is no better remedy for the vehemence of love than a broken arm, declared that he was perfectly cured of his paſſion; and, by way of excuſing himſelf, threw the whole blame on the Baron de Klakenberg, whoſe advice had led him into this amorous extravagance.

The princeſs beſought her ſon to give up the baron's acquaintance immediately; and the prince wrote that very day to his intimate friend, never to ſee his face again. Thoroughly ſatisfied with having had ſtrength of mind enough to make this ſacrifice, which gave him not the ſmalleſt trouble to effect, and to overcome a paſſion, which never was more deeply ſeated than in his imagination, he conſoled himſelf for all the diſgrace that he had experienced, as it afforded him an opportunity to evince the greatneſs of his ſoul; and, knowing that love apologizes for all, and that a young man's being enterpriſing and high in blood, was no ſmall recommendation, in the opinion of the ladies, he appeared in public with his arm in a ſling, not only with perfect compoſure, but with all the agreeable boldneſs and intereſting character of a wounded hero!

Amelia, being deſirous of rendering the conduct of her beloved Pamroſe the object of general admiration, ſpoke publicly of the refuſal which ſhe had given to the overtures of the Count De ***. The ladies of the court delighted at finding the beautiful Pamroſe was now confined for life to a cottage, laviſhed their praiſes on her, without doing the ſmalleſt violence to themſelves on the occaſion; exhauſting all the common-place ſpeeches which they could ſcrape together on the happineſs of dedicating oneſelf to a country life, to love, and unambitious retirement. All this, however, they never thought the leaſt about, but flattered themſelves that others would ſuppoſe they did; and indeed it appeared to be the general idea, for during five or

fix days the converſation parties of the palace were leſs frivolous and inſipid than common.

Pamroſe became the wife of William, who afterwards lived in the cottage of Herman; and whenever a traveller paſſed near Bingen, the people of the country would uſually ſay to him—"If you would wiſh to ſee a very ſuperb gallery, a rich cabinet of medals, and an extenſive park laid out in the Engliſh ſtyle, you muſt repair to the palace; but, if you would rather witneſs a delightful picture of pure and unalloyed felicity, you muſt go to the cottage, where dwell the wife Herman and his family."

GENERAL RETROSPECT.

For December, 1802.

FRANCE.

THE interior of this country has, within the laſt month, afforded but little which can excite the attention of the politician. The deſigns of Bonaparte we ſuſpect are diſproportioned to his means, and in graſping at too much he will probably loſe what he might poſſeſs with ſafety. The finances of France are in a deplorable ſituation, and more taxes the country cannot bear without more commerce. The commerce is ruined, and to revive it would require a government in which the people could place confidence. It is extraordinary that the ſagacity of Bonaparte ſhould not have diſcovered, that in his proceeding relative to the banks, he was deſtroying public credit, without which commerce cannot be ſupported: and that he was exactly treading in the ſteps which brought the old government to deſtruction. The manner in which the laws are adminiſtered is ſapping the very foundations of property, as well as of ſocial order; ſince without a good ſyſtem of juriſprudence there is neither ſecurity in property, nor a motive to exertion in the acquiſition of it.

It ought to have been the ſtrenuous exertion of Bonaparte to reduce, inſtead of augment, the military eſtabliſhment. What he has moſt to fear is the re-action of the army. Peaceful citizens, men with little bond of union among themſelves, are with difficulty organized to revolutionary movements. This the chief conſul has not foreſeen, and he has increaſed the diſcontents of the people by an attempt to augment the army by the oppreſſive ſyſtem of conſcriptions. In a word, ſo unpromiſing are the reſources, and ſo radically impolitic is the government of France at preſent, that we ſhall not be ſurpriſed at any intelligence that may be received from it.

WEST

WEST INDIES.

An attempt has been made in the paper which is under the controul of the French government to palliate the diſaſters of St. Domingo. We have reaſon to believe, however, that our accounts have not been exaggerated. It is indeed ridiculous to fancy that ſo large a body as the negroes in that iſland, with arms in their hands, can be reduced to order by two or three thouſand Europeans. Madame Leclerc, wife of the general, and ſiſter to the chief conſul of France, has fallen into the hands of the inſurgents: the latter have been joined by ſuch of the blacks as the French had conciliated, and taken under their protection; and ſome accounts even go ſo far as to ſay, that Leclerc and the ſhattered remains of his army had actually reimbarked for Europe.

SWITZERLAND.

The whole of this republic does not as yet appear to be ſubjected to the views of France. The Griſons are ſtill in a ſtate of inſurrection, and General Serras has entered that country at the head of a body of French troops. The Frickthall is not yet quiet, though it has nominated two deputies to the conſulta at Paris. In the mean time, the Helvetic deputies have had ſeveral conferences with the commiſſioners appointed by Bonaparte. The French papers intimate ſome vague charges reſpecting the interference of Great Britain, and the miſſion of Mr. Moore to that country. Mr. Moore is ſaid to be ſtill reſiding at Conſtance, ſurrounded by the diſaffected Swiſs who have reſorted thither. We cannot however think it probable, after the anſwer which the Swiſs patriots received through the medium of Auſtria, that our preſent miniſters have contributed to the fomenting of an inſurrection, which they had no intention to ſupport. Still leſs probable is it, that in the preſent ſtate of things, when ſo little is to be effected by force, and when the only opportunity of acting with energy has been ſuffered to paſs by without any advantage, they would encourage an oppoſition, the failure of which muſt infallibly bring embarraſſment and diſgrace upon themſelves.

GERMANY.

The long diſputed affair of the indemnities does not appear to be as yet completely adjuſted, or at leaſt the details have not been made public. The Grand Duke of Tuſcany, it is reported, is ſtill to receive ſome additional compenſation; and we may conjecture from a ſpeech of the Britiſh miniſter, that even the ſtadtholder is not deſtitute of further expectation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The cloud of myſtery which hung over the relations of this country with foreign powers has been, in ſome meaſure, diſſi-

pated by the debates of the imperial parliament. It was opened by his majeſty in perſon on the 23d of November. The ſpeech from the throne was guarded and cautious with reſpect to foreign affairs, neither calculated to provoke war, nor yet to give a decided aſſurance of peace. It commenced with a diſplay of the internal proſperity of the country, and expreſſions of gratitude to the Divine Providence for the produce of an abundant harveſt. His majeſty profeſſes that his ſincere wiſh is to preſerve peace, but adds that he "cannot be indifferent to any material change in the ſtate of Europe;" and therefore is perſuaded that parliament will agree with him in thinking it incumbent on them to adopt thoſe means of ſecurity which are beſt calculated to preſerve peace. He congratulates the commons on the proſpect that the various branches of the public ſervice may be provided for without any conſiderable addition to the burthens of the people. The ſpeech concludes with remarking the important benefits which have enſued from the union, and recommending to the care of the parliament the intereſts of commerce, &c.

On the comparative advantages of war and peace, the following reflections occur to us:

War impedes the courſe of every wiſe and beneficial plan for ameliorating the condition of mankind; it commonly exhauſts the ſources of national proſperity; and diverts the minds of rulers from conſidering the true happineſs of the people. Malevolence and hoſtility, even among fellow citizens, are always attended with oppreſſion, rage, and deſolation; juſtice and humanity are ſuperſeded; and virtue becomes an empty ſound, while the gentle and benevolent feelings, that exalt human nature, are ſtifled by thoſe degrading paſſions. It is, therefore, to us matter of the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction, that we cannot preſent our readers a narrative of ſuch calamitous ſcenes, or of ſuch deplorable perverſion, as are inſeparable from a ſtate of warfare.

On the other hand, it will perhaps be ſaid, that many benefits reſult from national conteſts. Of what nature or deſcription are theſe conjectural benefits? Will the arts and ſciences be more improved, or better cultivated? Will the liberty of the preſs, together with perſonal freedom, be better ſecured? Will trade and manufactures, burthened with the expences of war, depoſit more ſubſtantial profit, and diffuſe more genuine wealth? No: The annals of the moſt remote ages, as well as the hiſtory and ſad experience of our own times, atteſt, that the reverſe has almoſt invariably happened.

With this incontrovertible evidence before us, on a ſubject which has excited ſo much hope and fear, ſo much heat and irritation in this country, may we not (without aſſuming the character of cenſors, like ſome of our contemporaries) aſk the advo-

cates

cates for war in the language and calm temper of diſcuſſion: Is it for glory they would recommend it? if ſo, let them diſtinctly point out the object, and the means by which it can be acquired.

Should war be declared, in order that we may diſplay our generoſity, after the expenditure of blood and treaſure, by ſurrendering all that had been taken from the enemy during the conflict, in a ſtate not only of perfect preſervation, but of great improvement? No! exclaim the martial advocates: it is not for glory, but for commerce we would recommence it. Now we ſeriouſly aſk them, Do they know the commercial balance of their country? Have they ſtudied the elements of its finances? Have they ſufficiently examined, whether an increaſe of trade by war would really add to the national opulence? Have they weighed the advantages of war againſt the injuries, which commerce and the country at large muſt ſuſtain from augmenting the rate of intereſt; from the high prices of labour and proviſions, which are the obvious and inevitable conſequences of increaſed taxation? In fine, do they fully comprehend the extent, and the various ſources of their preſent proſperity? Granting that they anſwer in the affirmative, and ſtill cry out for war; let us for a moment admit the neceſſity of it; but we ſhall at the ſame time briefly ſhow, that it would be imprudent and illuſory.

By long commercial habits, by an enterprizing ſpirit, by the excellence and ſuperiority of her manufactures, and by her immenſe capital, Great Britain poſſeſſes undiminiſhed, even at this day, after her various ſucceſs in the late arduous conteſt in which ſhe has been engaged, all the ſources of that greatneſs which has excited againſt her the envy, and partly the hoſtility, of Europe. Hence it is obvious, that in foreign markets ſhe can meet with no competitors that could alarm her; for the ſtates from which rivalry might be apprehended, are deſtitute of the moſt eſſential requiſites for that purpoſe. They want capital, experience, and manufacturers; ſo that the trade of thoſe countries muſt be conſidered only in its infancy, and cannot therefore, materially, if at all, affect her commercial intereſts. From theſe premiſes it follows that no war ſhould be undertaken with a diſtant view to defeat a poſſible competition. Can any thing be conceived more irrational or abſurd, than to riſk certainty for ſpeculation, to commit all that is valuable, life, property, and liberty itſelf, which is moſt dear to Britons, on the iſſue of a doubtful and bloody conteſt, for an object hidden in the womb of time, and only within the ſphere of poſſibility?

Would not the conduct of a ſtate, which was enjoying the bleſſings of peace, if it provoked war, becauſe it might be rivalled in future ages by a neighbouring ſtate, be altogether frantic and highly reprehenſible? A war, undertaken on ſuch principles, would ſhortly lead to the total perverſion of our national

tional character, and change that navy, which has hitherto been the wonder and admiration of the world, into petty ſquadrons of corſairs and pirates? Taking this poſſible event, "the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion," as a ſufficient ground to begin hoſtility, what would be the conſequence? We may monopolize commerce, and block up the ports of our enemies; we may take from them their colonies; we may alſo procure allies on the continent to co-operate with us: but all theſe advantages are not to be compared to the evils and hardſhips of even the moſt ſucceſsful war.

We are happy in being able to ſay, that the feelings of the country at preſent are conſonant to this opinion; and we doubt not, it likewiſe coincides with that of an œconomical, wiſe, and pacific adminiſtration, during which England's ſun, though lately overcaſt with paſſing clouds and lowring tempeſts, has already begun to emerge in its former ſplendour, and enlarge the political horizon!

Touſſaint Louverture to General Bonaparte.

CITIZEN CONSUL, Nov. 18, 1801.

YOUR letter of the 27th Brumaire has been tranſmitted to me by Citizen Leclerc, your brother-in-law, whom you have appointed captain-general of this iſland, a title not recognized by the conſtitution of St. Domingo. The ſame meſſenger has reſtored two innocent children to the fond embraces of a doating father. What a noble inſtance of European humanity! But, dear as thoſe pledges are to me, and painful as our ſeparation is, I will owe no obligations to my enemies, and I therefore return them to the cuſtody of their gaolers.

The forces neceſſary to make the ſovereignty of the French people reſpected, have effected a landing alſo, and they are ſpreading ſlaughter and deſolation around them. Why is it thus? For what crimes, and by what authority, are a rude, but inoffenſive people, to be conſumed by fire and by the ſword? We have dared, it ſeems, to form a conſtitution adapted to our circumſtances: containing, as you admit, many good things, but containing others, forſooth, derogatory from the ſovereignty of the French people. What is the ſovereignty of the French people? In whom does it reſide, and how far is it to extend? Is it to be beyond controul, without meaſure, and without bounds?

St. Domingo, a colony forming an integral part of the French republic aims at independence, it is ſaid. Why ſhould it not? The United States of America did the ſame, and with the aſſiſtance of monarchical France they ſucceeded and eſtabliſhed it. But there are defects as well as preſumption in our conſtitution. I know there are. What human inſtitution is without them?

Yet I will challenge that ſyſtem you have impoſed upon the republic you govern to ſhew a greater regard to perſonal or political liberty, to the freedom of ſpeech, or the freedom of man. The high ſituation I fill is not of my own chooſing; it has been forced upon me by imperious circumſtances. I have not overturned a conſtitution I had ſworn to maintain. I ſaw this wretched iſle a prey to frantic and contending factions. My character, my complexion, gave me ſome influence with the people who inhabit it, and I was almoſt by their unanimous voice called to authority. I cruſhed ſedition; I put down rebellion; I reſtored tranquillity; I eſtabliſhed order in place of anarchy; I gave them peace, and I gave them a conſtitution. Have you, Citizen Conſul, another or a better title to the commanding ſituation you occupy? If they enjoy not under it as great a portion of liberty as is to be found under other governments, the cauſe is in their habits of life, and in the ignorance and barbarity inſeparable from a ſtate of ſlavery. I eſtabliſhed for an unfortunate race of beings, that were juſt looſened from the yoke, the only ſyſtem of rule that was ſuited to their conditions or capacities. That it leaves room, in many inſtances, for coercion and deſpotiſm, cannot be denied; but is the conſtitution of the republic of France—the moſt enlightened part of enlightened Europe—quite free from them? If thirty millions of Frenchmen find their happineſs and ſecurity, as I am told, in the revolution on the 18th Brumaire, ſurely I ſhould not be envied, the love and confidence of the poor blacks, my countrymen, It will be for poſterity to decide whether we have ruled through affection, or through apathy and fear.

You offer freedom to the blacks, and ſay, "that in all the countries you have been in, you have given it the people who had it not." I am not perfectly acquainted with the circumſtances that have recently happened in Europe, but the reports that have reached me do not accord with this aſſertion. In fact, it is of little conſequence. The liberty that is to be found in France, or Belgium, or Helvetia, or in the republics, Batavian, Ligurian, or Ciſalpine, would never be cordially received, or chearfully acquieſced in by the people of St. Domingo. Such changes, or ſuch freedom, are far, very far, from being deſired even by us.

You aſk me, "Do I deſire conſideration, honours, and fortune?" Moſt certainly I do, but not of thy giving. My conſideration is placed in the reſpect of my countrymen, my honours in their attachment, my fortune in their diſintereſted fidelity. Has this *mean* idea of perſonal aggrandizement been held out in the hope that I would be induced thereby to betray the cauſe I have undertaken? You ſhould learn to eſtimate the moral principle in other men by your own. If the perſon who claims a right to that throne on which you are ſeated, were to call on you to deſcend from it, what would be your anſwer? The power

I poſſeſs

I poſſeſs has been as *legitimately* acquired as your own, and nought but the decided voice of the people of St. Domingo ſhall compel me to relinquiſh it.

It is not cemented by blood, or maintained by the artifices of European policy. "The ferocious men whoſe perſecutions I put a ſtop to," have confeſſed my clemency, and I have pardoned the wretch whoſe dagger has been aimed at my life. If I have removed from this iſland certain turbulent ſpirits, who ſtrove to feed the flames of civil war, their guilt has been firſt eſtabliſhed before a competent tribunal, and finally confeſſed by themſelves. Is there one of them who can ſay that he has been condemned *unheard* or *untried?* And yet theſe monſters are to be brought back once more, and, aided by the blood-hounds of Cuba, are to be uncoupled and hallooed to hunt us down and devour us: and this by men who dare to call themſelves Chriſtians.

Why ſhould it excite your praiſe and ſurpriſe that I have upheld "the religion and worſhip of God, from whom all things come." Alas! that all bounteous Being, whoſe holy word has but lately found favour in your republic, by me has ever been honoured and glorified. In his protecting care I have ſought for ſafety and conſolation, amidſt dangers and difficulties, when encompaſſed by treachery and treaſon, and I was never diſappointed. "Before him and YOU I am," as you ſay, "to be the perſon principally reſponſible for the maſſacres and murders that are perpetrating in this devoted iſle." Be it ſo. In his all juſt and dread diſpoſal be the iſſue of this conteſt. Let him decide between me and my enemies; between thoſe who have violated his precepts, abjured his holy name, and one who has never ceaſed to acknowledge and adore him.

(Signed) TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.

HUGH PETERS *and the* QUEEN *of* SWEDEN.

THE notorious Hugh Peters pretended to be a great admirer of Queen Chriſtina. Under this pretence, he had the preſumption to charge Whitelock with a letter from himſelf to her, and to ſend her, at the ſame time, as preſents, an Engliſh maſtiff dog, and a great cheeſe. Whitelock choſe a ſeaſonable moment to mention to Chriſtina Hugh Peter's admiration, his letter, and his preſents. She was more diverted than offended by his preſumption. The letter, the maſtiff, and the cheeſe, ſhe gayly accepted.

Roman Antiquities diſcovered in the River Saone.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE great heat of the month of Auguſt occaſioned one of the branches of the river Saone, near Pont-Arlier, to be deprived of its waters. The inhabitants of the neighbouring diſtrict, when employed in procuring from its rocky bed materials for building, lately diſcovered ſome regular columns and fragments of marble, curiouſly wrought; likewiſe ſome inſtruments of copper, and a figure in bronze, correctly proportioned, and ſingularly graceful and elegant in its attitude. It repreſents a woman of the height of ten inches riſing from the bath, and preſſing the water from her dripping locks. Theſe accidental acquiſitions have led to further ſearch by perſons properly qualified for the purpoſe; their endeavours have not been unſucceſsful; ſeveral inſtruments, apparently employed in ſurgery, have been obtained, and alſo numerous medals in bronze of Nerva, Veſpaſian, Nero, Antoninus, and Domitian.

CALLIGRAPHUS.

HINT *for improving* INLAND NAVIGATION.

MR. Nicholas King has ſuggeſted an improvement in boats for river-navigation.—Having ſhewn why the lock-navigation, ſo much uſed in this country, cannot be adopted in America, he propoſes to convey the boat (which is, in fact, to be compoſed of four boats put together with hinges) over an inclined plane. The advantage of this contrivance is, that, at the inclined plane, the boat can be taken in pieces, and the ſeveral parts conveyed over without much difficulty: and that in deſcending a river, the component boats may be ſeparately navigated; and in a river full of rapids, ſands, and rocks, a ſhort boat is much more commodious and manageable than a long one.

A QUESTION, *by a Friend to the Mathematics.*

A Gentleman in my neighbourhood has a piece of land in the form of a plane triangle, whoſe ſides are 8, 6, and 5 chains reſpectively: Now, within this △, he intends making a circular fiſh-pond; ſuch, that the circumference thereof may touch each ſide of the triangle,—and in each of the three corners formed by the circle inſcribed in the triangle, he means to plant ſome curious ſhrubs and flowers. He would therefore eſteem it a favour if ſome mathematical correſpondent would determine the diameter of the pond, its area, and alſo the area of each of the three corners, where the ſhrubs, &c. are planted.

Anſwer, by Recluſe, of Awliſcombe, to Angelina's Charade, inſerted November 22.

GOLDSMITH's the name I have reveal'd,
Which in your charade you conceal'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, of Exeter; James Squance, H. Humphrys, and T. Boult, of Exeter; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; T. Adey, of Poole; B. of Millbrooke; and W. Bickham, of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by W. Strong, of Exeter, to H. Humphreys's Rebus, inſerted Nov. 22.

LONG may brave KEITH be known on Britain's coaſt,
And be the theme of every juſt man's toaſt.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; and J. Squance, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Chubb, of Everſhot, to W. Mann's Charade, inſerted November 22.

THE parts connected, if I'm right,
Preſent a NOSEGAY to your ſight.

†‡† We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Robert Berry, of South Molton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; William Strong, and T. Boult, of Exeter; J. Channon, of Ottery; W. Bickham, jun. S. Perkins, and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; J. Bloomfield, and T. Adey, of Poole; and P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

A REBUS, *by Mars.*

A Son of Saturn, of great might;
A river then you'll bring to light;
A quadruped, but not an ape;
One of Apollo's names then take;
Then find for eaſt, another name;
A hero not unknown to fate;
When theſe initials are combin'd,
A noble admiral's name you'll find.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

VIEW the immenſe, the boundleſs ſpace,
Where ſtars and planets ſhine;
For there I'm ſure my firſt you'll trace
In colours all divine.
Extend your thoughts e'en to the realms
Where happy ſpirits ſing
Eternal praiſes, with my next
To Heav'n's Almighty King.
Still upwards ſoar, and near the throne,
Where ſits the ſource of love,
There you will view my glorious whole
With ſaints and angels move.

☞ *The length and numerous imperfections of the Chriſtmas Tale, would, we apprehend, prove tireſome to our readers.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

A SONG.

AWAKE, Eliza, and prepare,
With me to breathe the morning air,
Along the ſunny hill;
Around whoſe ſummits, rob'd in ſnow,
The blaſts of winter love to blow,
And wanton as they will.

Ariſe! among the heath to trace
Its verdant paths, and boldly face
The fury of the wind:
Without—tho' wild the wintry waſte:
Within—'tis our's, my love! to taſte
The beauties of the mind!

The lark mounts heavenward from his neſt,
While amorous tranſports ſwell his breaſt,
And carols cheer the day:
As rapture thus our boſom warms,
The deſart wears unwonted charms
Beneath the ſolar ray!

The SAPLING.

Written by *Mr.* DIBDIN, and ſung by him in his new Entertainment, at Sans Souci, called "Moſt Votes."

IN either eye a lingering tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honour and by love;
And as he loiter'd, wrapp'd in care,
A ſapling in his hand he bore,
Curiouſly carv'd, in letters fair—
"Love me, ah love me evermore!

At leiſure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plung'd the ſapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treaſure told;
The letters ſpelt, the kindneſs trac'd,
And all affection's precious ſtore,
Each with the favourite motto grac'd,
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

While on this anxious taſk employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are ſuddenly annoy'd—
The boatſwain's whiſtle cleaves the air:
'Tis duty calls, his nerves are brac'd,
[illegible] ſtore,
Leaving the ſapling, in his haſte,
That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch, thus unreclaim'd,
Far off at ſea, no comfort near,
His thoughtleſs haſte he loudly blam'd,
With many a ſigh and many a tear;
Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart?
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

Eſcap'd from treacherous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at ſea,
A wondrous miracle he finds—
The ſapling is become a tree!
A goodly head that grateful rears,
Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core,
And on the rind enlarg'd appears
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

While gazing on the ſpell-like charms
Of this moſt wonderful of trees,
His Nancy ruſhes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees,
Increas'd in love, increas'd in ſize,
Taught from the mother's tender ſtore,
Each little urchin liſping cries,
"Love me, ah love me evermore!"

Amazement ſeiz'd the admiring crowd;
"My children," cried a village ſeer,
"Theſe ſigns, tho' mute, declare aloud
"The hand of providence is here—
"Whoſe hidden, yet whoſe ſure de-crees,
"For thoſe its ſucour who implore,
"Can ſtill the tempeſt, level ſeas,
"And crown true love for ever-more."

LA DOUCE CHIMERE.

[From Poems by Mrs. John Hunter.]

SWEET fancy, let me ſing thy praiſe,
Thou kind companion of my days,
Thro' infancy and youth;
O let me, in a riper age,
Thy fairy favours ſtill engage,
And blend thy charms with truth.

Gift

Gift of kind Heav'n, dear wand'ring ſprite,
'Tis thou canſt oppoſites unite,
And pleaſures mix with pain;
Without thy aid, the ſons of art
To charm the eye, or touch the heart,
Shall toil, and toil in vain.

To warm, to poliſh, and refine,
The judgment, and the taſte, are thine,
To aid where knowledge fails;
How exquiſite thy finer ſenſe,
How far beyond the vain pretence
Where letter'd pride prevails!

Thro' the dim eye thy piercing ray,
Beams on the mind a brighter day,
Where genius ſtands confeſs'd;
'Tis thine to light the priſon's gloom,
'Tis thine to live beyond the tomb,
In fond affection's breaſt.

Thy art can on the moon's beam ſend
The heart's warm wiſh from friend to friend,
Thro' air and ocean's weſte,
And on ſome bright unchanging ſtar,
Tho' abſent long, and diſtant far,
Remembrance may be plac'd.

'Tis happineſs to dwell with thee;
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
Glows with a brighter dye;
All nature wears a lively green,
The heav'ns expand a blue ſerene,
And man forgets to ſigh.

Or ſhould a ſigh unbidden riſe,
On thy light wing the vagrant flies,
To ſeek ſome tender woe,
Our better feelings to awake,
Teaching for love, for pity's ſake,
Delicious tears to flow.

Nor wealth can buy, nor pow'r command,
One circle from thy magic wand,
To charm the phantom care;
Born with the ſoul, thy living light
Beams forth in wayward fortune's ſpite,
Nor deigns her gifts to ſhare.

Parent of hope, love's trueſt friend,
Without thee all our joys would end,
And dull exiſtence fade:
'Tis thine to gild the darkeſt ſcene
Of poverty, reſtraint, or pain,
In life's obſcureſt ſhade.

Let me then ſtill thy dreams purſue,
For ever bright, for ever new,
Time's tangled path to cheer;
Let me believe I ſtill may find
The warm, ſincere, congenial mind,
And meet LA DOUCE CHIMERE.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, and TO MORROW.

YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY! thy motley fate
Is from death a birth to date;
All exiſtence to diſclaim,
When we give thee firſt a name.

Thy ſurvivor is "to-day,"
So wert thou called yeſterday;
And as moves the wheel of ſorrow,
He will have thy name to-morrow.

TO-DAY.

But the day begins to riſe,
Man's ineſtimable prize!
Now the paſt his death receives,
And the op'ning future lives!

Come to-day, I'll cling to thee!
Come, and pitch thy tent with me
What is yeſterday, review'd?
Empty as to-morrow's good.

TO-MORROW.

Laſt intrudes to-morrow's gloom,
Stern with its imperious doom
Tells me of the day that flies,
Never lives, but never dies.

Born at twelve, ſhuts up the night,
Periſhing before its light;
Fancy's child, and folly's queen,
Lov'd and fear'd, but ſtill unſeen.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

ODE *on* PITY.

THE morning ſun diſſolves the ſnow,
And melts the frozen ſtream;
Whoſe waters warble as they flow,
To praiſe the golden beam.

Thus pity warms the heart of age,
Whoſe locks are few and gray:
While tears of joy their grief aſſuage,
And ſilent thanks diſplay.

Can ſorrow's tears or ſighs reſtore
The victim of the grave?
In vain the wretched we deplore
When pity cannot ſave!

If pity move thy tender heart
In ſounds of deep diſtreſs,
Be thine, my love! the glorious part,
The child of woe to bleſs!

Ye vernal airs! ye genial rays!
That crown the ſpring with flowers;
With plenty cheer Eliza's days,
And health's delicious hours!